

## **The Majestic Beauty of Womanhood**

In the tree's shadow ...

Close your eyes and imagine all  
Am I your Adam, a pear green?  
Eve savour the taste after the fall.  
No shame for what we have been

For hidden beneath the outer sight  
under layers, much layers of soft cloth  
is that what draws us towards the light  
like twilight's flighty, violent moths.

The string that binds your shame  
lay tangled, naughty, moving still.  
This time will pass, do then beware  
is this what your wish or will?

Venture I into the valley below  
and climb glacier's high  
peel back the skin that glows  
of crimson flush and do we sigh.

We are at heaven's gate  
Glance back, peer forward, stand proud  
Our patience melts, we cannot wait  
We cannot live atop a cloud.

Step us then out of paradise  
To slip the bounds of our regrets  
and uncover what is so nice.  
Lay you down upon your dress.

Let my finger tips caress with leisure  
the wholeness of you, from toe to head  
and your body now flush with pleasure  
will fill with warm perfume our soft bed

Where is hid the body's lair, its treasure?  
Let me trace out the geometry of your curves  
let ascending breath set the measure,  
the gauge, the crackle, the current of electric nerve

My moist tongue will kiss both lips  
Those painted pink, and those pinked dreamed  
And suckle at your hidden tips  
that little boy, less hidden seemed.

And split the fruit, to plant the seed,  
but first furrow, the fertile and the soft  
Lunge not esrt 'til thrust agreed.  
The serpent has found its loft.

And I now still, you less so  
The grace and majesty of you  
From above admiring all I know  
Stop I and let you finish what's to do.

We two ascend back to the clouds, thou more.  
You switch me unto my back  
Then I lend to all in store  
And you have set me trapped.

Oh ... oh ... oh ... how much further must we go?  
I try but I cannot wait no longer  
Touch you your fingers to my lips, you know  
Please wait ... please wait ... be stronger.

Then your lyrical dance beyond mere words  
profane perfection of the human mind  
oh, heavenly singing of this bird,  
the majestic beauty of womankind.